

## Walking Penarth

Walking Penarth is a lonely trek;

the sea is often gray,

the path is narrow and winding,

and slippery with salt spray.

But when the sun sings in a sky of blue

and seabirds dance on high,

you'd swear you'd come to the Western Isles

without the need to die.

The wind off the sea is bracing

and sparkles like champagne,

and in your heart a whisper

says you've come home again.

Walking Penarth brings a quiet joy

and a solitary bliss

with rock and sand beneath bare feet

and the ocean's salt-sweet kiss.

But Eden can be a lonely place

with no one else at hand;

I'd share Paradise with you

and explore this lovely land.

So come and walk Penarth with me

in sunlight or in shade.

I think that you'll discover

that Heaven here was made.

Almighty God with wisdom

created such places few,

but one of those places is Penarth

when walking it with you.

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